

SONGS IN YOUR
HEART AND MINE
BY THOMAS HARKNESS LITSTER



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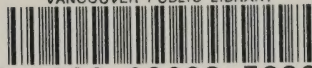
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Songs in Your Heart and Mine

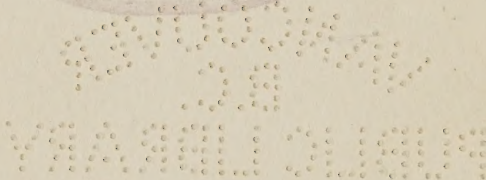
By
THOMAS HARKNESS LITSTER



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TORONTO



PRINTED IN CANADA

TO MY
STEP-SON
LIEUT. GEORGE MURRAY FRASER,
1ST BATTALION, CANADIANS,
FRANCE.

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NOTE

The words of "The Call of Empire"—page 129—have been adapted to a musical composition by Dr. Albert Ham, and published by the Anglo-Canadian Music Publishers' Association, Limited, Toronto, who have the copyright privileges.

"The Honor Roll"—page 131—can be sung to the tune of "Rosmore" or "Onward Christian Soldiers"; lantern slide may be obtained from Presbyterian Lantern Slide Co., Toronto.

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SONGS IN YOUR HEART AND MINE

OUR MARJORY

THE sweetest babe in all the land

Is Marjory.

She brought bright sunshine to our home,

She's like a rose bud partly blown,

Her voice like bell of silvery tone,

Our Marjory.

I'll tell you what we think she's like,

This Marjory:

A fairy baby's face, we think,

With soft blue eyes and cheeks of pink,

A mouth with kisses on the brink,

Has Marjory.

An angel brought her to our door,

Wee Marjory.

We love this babe, and so would you,

If once you heard her laugh and "goo;"

Without our babe what would we do?

Sweet Marjory.

She makes us think of birds and flowers,

Does Marjory.

Of all that's good and sweet and pure;

For her sake I'm certain sure

There's nothing we would not endure

For Marjory.

She rules the house with baby hand,
Does Marjory;
We loyal subjects quickly run—
When she commands the thing is done;
“God bless this Queen,” cries every one,
Queen Marjory.

A cute wee bit of babyhood
Is Marjory;
I wish you knew this Marjory,
For then you would agree with me
That she is sweet as sweet can be,
Our Marjory.

THE FLOWERS IN JUNE

I STROLLED one balmy day in June,
The birds in song, each one in tune;
I plucked the favors nature yields,
In gardens and the grass-green fields.
My hand enclasps a bunch of flowers
Gathered in garden, field and bowers.
I'll tell you what the bunch contains—
I love them all and know their names.

A peony bends its head and sighs,
Looks shy into a daisy's eyes;
A buttercup smiles and tries to pet
A cute wee chit of a violet;
A pansy, lovely in nature or art,
Is deep in love with a bleeding heart;
A gentle phlox seems "right in line"
With a graceful, delicate columbine;
A monthly rose seems to think a lot
Of a sweetly-scented humble stock.
One dainty flower I 'most forgot,
Hid by ferns, a forget-me-not.

Others I hold which I do not name,
Some grew wild, others are tame,
Filling the air this day in June
With subtle, sweet and rare perfume.

A BABY'S SMILE

I SAT by a baby's cradle,
And watched the sleeping child,
When suddenly, without reason,
The baby stirred and smiled.

They tell me the "angels whisper"
When a baby smiles in sleep,
And I quite believe it is so,
For that smile was, oh, so sweet.

A baby's "goo" the key-note
Of all symphony must be,
Not a sound in earth or heaven
That breathes such melody.

They say some don't love children
Or the touch of a dimpled cheek,
Don't see what they "make a fuss" for
When the baby tries to speak—

Don't thrill with a pure emotion
At the clasp of a chubby fist,
Don't breathe the breath of spring flowers
When a baby's lips are kissed—

Don't think of rippling waters
When some darling laughs in glee,
Don't think of a love diviner
When a mother's love they see.

I will not believe that it is so.
Surely it cannot be!
For the smile of a dear, sweet baby
Appeals to the best in me.

AN OLD LOVE LETTER

I OPEN an old love-letter

And take from its hiding place there,
Tied up with a bit of blue ribbon,

A lock of my Mother's grey hair.

She sent it to me with a message,

"With my dearest love," so she wrote,
Do you know, when I look at this ringlet
A lump seems to rise in my throat.

From this letter there rises an incense

Which the Mother heart only distills.

When I look at those trembling letters

There's something—well, something that thrills.

I know there are others just like me,

Who know what the Mother love fears,

Who know how I cherish this letter:

We've all shed the same memory tears.

Your Mother and mine were twin sisters,

Old mothers are ever the same;

My Mother, your Mother, and others,

Different?—just simply in name.

There's a place where all Mothers are welcome,

And I know that my Mother is there,

So with reverence I fold up my letter,

My tears moisten Mother's grey hair.

MARGUERITE

A FLOWER in form as well as name,
A hothouse plant so rare,
Thy beauty, faded now by death,
Shall bloom in World more fair.

You seemed, indeed, a Marguerite,
From God's own garden sent;
Those deep blue eyes to thy dear face
A softening beauty lent.

The wild-flowers of the field and glen
Have wondrous charm for me;
Whene'er I pluck a Marguerite,
I'll always think of thee.

I loved to hear you lisp my name,
In accents soft and sweet,
I loved to hear your pattering feet
Come running down the street.

Thy soft-toned, lisping, childish voice
Made music sweet to me;
The image of thy pure wee face,
Will live in memory.

Your gentle, winsome baby ways
Touched chords within my breast.
'Twas hard to say, "Thy will be done"
When you were laid to rest.

Thy presence in Heaven, my pretty one,
Must make the angels glad;
Some day I hope to meet my friend,—
Won't you and I be glad?

Farewell, my little dimpled friend,
Good bye, dear Marguerite;
I'll miss thy dear wee baby face,
So fair, so pure, so sweet.

SACRED DAYS

THOSE sacred days which we have seen,
Those happy days forever fled,
Those sacred days with links between,
Sweet days which all too quickly sped;
Those love-tinged days which meant so much,
I feel again their holy touch,

Those sacred days—were ever such?

Those sacred days, when we were young,
Those sun-kissed days which hold the past,
When life to us seemed just begun,
Ah me! they vanished all too fast,
They breathe of hope, of love and pain,
The song they sing is "love's refrain."

Those sacred days I seek in vain.

Those sacred days for which I yearn,
Those days so fresh with memory's dew,
Should they by chance again return,
Would they be like the days we knew?
Could aught restore that sacred glow?
There's something in my heart says, "*No.*"

Those sacred days meant Heaven below.

Those sacred days which knew no fear,
The days which only once are known,
For these I own the silent tear
Of rapture, which is all my own.
Those days which only youth may know,
I loved them so, I loved them so—
 Those sacred days of long ago.

OUR BABY

Our babe is sick and suffering, too;
Sad and dimmed those eyes of blue.
Won't some one tell us what to do
To make our baby well?
The doctor comes and shakes his head
And says our pet must go to bed.
With baby's tears our own are shed—
Would I could bear the pain!

Her dimpled smile spells love to me.
Oh, dear! she looks so wan and wee;
May she be soon from pain set free
And rule us once again.
I cannot bear with any grace
To see that dear, sweet baby face
With e'en the very faintest trace
Of aught but happiness.

Our hearts are almost standing still;
We'll not be happy then until
The doctor says our baby will
Be spared by heaven for us.
To Him who is the children's Friend,
Will He not love and mercy blend
And to our supplications send
The answer love expects?

LAND OF THE MAPLE

I LISTENED to an old man's story,
As he graphically spoke to me,
Of glorious sights he had witnessed
In far lands 'way over the sea.
An exile from early manhood,
He had wandered for many a mile,
From shores of the broad Atlantic
To the banks of the lotus Nile.

He told me of dear old England,
Of fair Erin's emerald isle,
And he raved of bonnie Scotland,
As entranced I stood the while.
Had hunted in many a country
For the wildest of forest game,
Quaffed wine of the purest vintage
In the vineyards of sunny Spain.

Ah! Since then I too have wandered,
But perhaps not far as he,
Far enough to make me certain
That "Canuck" sounds real good to me.
When I think of dear old "home land,"
Then such scenes seem commonplace,
And my home and friends of childhood,
Each seem filled with a hallowed grace.

In spite of the old man's story,
Still I am strong in my belief,
That the sun shines far, far brightest,
In the Land of the Maple Leaf.
Then let us be proud of "home land,"
United and true every one,
No matter what others may tell you,
She holds the "first place in the sun."

Dear Maple, emblem of freedom,
May thy leaves shade only the brave,
Thy place in the flag of Empire,
The one that all others shall crave.
Thank God for your glorious birthright,
Thank God you are one of the breed
That now, henceforth and forever,
Has Freedom and Truth for its creed.

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A MEMORY

A MEMORY sweet is all that's left to me
Of her I loved so fondly years ago;
Too rare a flower, she blossomed but to die;
Her memory still shall keep my heart aglow.
An angel now, but her pure spirit lives
To cheer me on and soften life for me;
When shadows fall and trouble comes too fast,
My soul finds rest in this sweet memory.

Oft times I feel her presence near my side,
In fancy hear the voice of her I love
Bidding me live and trust and calmly wait
The welcome call to meet in realms above.
The way seems long, the path so hard to tread,
Her memory dear my guiding star shall be;
The lamp of love will brighten all the way,
My hope of heaven is her sweet memory.

WINTER'S COMING

THE Autumn leaves go swirling past,
And Winter's coming all too fast;
The fragrant flowers, the scented hay,
Alas, alas, have had their day,
The Autumn tints now hold full sway.

The Summer sun has gone to sleep,
And leafless trees their vigil keep,
The frosty dew is on the ground,
And song-birds sweet cannot be found,
But with "Good-bye" are southward bound.

The butterflies have gone to bed,
The hawthorn trees are dripping red,
The south-bound geese are flying high,
The sullen pines, which moan and sigh,
Proclaim that Winter's drawing nigh.

To choose the leaders for their flight,
The chattering blackbirds meet at night,
While icy north winds fiercely blow.
If they mistrust the silent snow,
It does its best to make things grow.

And then, you know, the Earth must rest,
The North, the South, the East and West;
It's Winter here, and Summer there,
But what is best is everywhere,
So leave it in His holy care.

MY LADDIE

You really should see the wee chunk of joy
That came to our home last week.
It came in the shape of a dear baby boy,
With dimples on both of his feet.

He has dimples, too, on each pink cheek,
And another just under his chin.
In fact, when the lad wakes up from a sleep
He's nothing but dimples and grin.

When the little lad puckers his mouth with a
"goo,"
And the cupid smile lurks in his eyes,
I swear to be honest and decent and true,
As I worship the babe where he lies.

The blue in the eyes of my little "Bo-peep,"
Such as Nature the bluebells bedeck.
Hush! whisper softly! the laddie's asleep,
With his little nose stuck in my neck.

HAPPY DAYS

(May be adapted by any of the Allies)

THE time is surely coming when the world shall be at
peace.

Keep smiling while you're waiting, do not let your
courage cease.

Golden days will come again; sunshine cometh after
rain.

The happy days are nearing when we'll sing this sweet
refrain:

Chorus:

There are happy days in store, sweeter than the
ones before,

Though we long for loved ones now so far away;
Oh, those happy days in store, brighter than the
ones of yore,

We will meet our boys in khaki some sweet day.

Just be glad that you were born underneath the Union
Jack;

Don't spend your time repining, for our boys will soon
be back,

Oh, how proud we'll be of them! What a welcome
they will get!

And while tears of joy are shed we will sing while
eyes are wet:

EARLY MORNING IN MY GARDEN

IN her tall and stately beauty I caressed a Hollyhock;
Nestling lowly at her feet was a meek Virginia Stock.
A glowing Autumn beauty stood in pride a Salvia,
In flaming, brilliant glory, snubbing a Begonia.

The laughing eyes of Pansies looked slyly up into mine,
The morning dew hung gently to the spurs of a Colum-
bine;

The lowly Portulacca, with its shades of matchless hue,
Whispered that day had wakened and the sun was com-
ing anew.

A Marguerite coquetted with a fern which hugged
the shade,

A Violet was hiding in a nest the leaves had made;
The Poppies, frail and lovely, bowed their heads with
queenly grace;

Fragrance of new-born Roses seemed to breathe from
every place.

Stocks with the pastel shadings, almost every tint but
green,

Were growing in rich profusion, with Asters in be-
tween;

Petunias, curled and penciled, pouting and velvet-
lipped,

Each with its cup of nectar which all the honey bees
sipped.

Pink and white faced Cosmos made a sight I will ne'er
forget;

Regrets were mixed with pleasure—it meant the summer
had set.

My pets have each a twin sister in God's own garden
above;

They tell the same sweet story, the old, old story
of love;

Each one an essay on beauty, speaking of power
divine.

Wish you could see my garden, this dear old garden
of mine.

DREAMS

TO-NIGHT, as I sit by the bright log fire,
And watch the blue flames mount higher and
higher,

I see as if dreaming my laddie's sweet face.
It has, oh, such a look of pure baby grace.
Once more I am smoothing his wee golden head,
As he stands in his nightie all ready for bed.
I feel him again, as he climbs on my knee,
And hear him say, "Daddie, sing something to
me."

The sandman has come, and the laddie's asleep,
And I pray the good Lord him safely to keep.
His dear baby face is upturned to my own,
A flush on his cheek, like a rose fully blown.
Now, mother, don't scold, I really forgot
The little wee lad should be in his cot.
But the fire burps low, and I wake with a start,
With, oh, such a cold, heavy load in my heart.
The angels will surely be good to my lad,
Do you think he is longing to see his poor dad?
I hope and I trust, and I wish and I pray
Perhaps he may tell me himself some sweet day.

DEAR OLD TORONTO BAY

My! the Bay looks bleak these days,
Can't see the Island through the haze;
There's not a "white wing" on the Bay,
And say! the water does look grey.

The boats which once plowed through the waves
Are now tied up in winter's stays;
My, what a change from weeks ago;
Who ever thought of ice or snow?

Who cared a snap for price of coal?
Well, he who did had lack of soul;
Who thinks of cold, or coal, or snow
When laughing summer breezes blow?

The crowds I used to see go down
Just where old Yonge street ends the town,
I guess are now where they belong,
Because the winter's coming on.

.

I wonder what next year will bring?
Will same old crowd be back next spring?
Those that I loved to meet each day
To cross with me the dear old Bay.

I wonder will they come again,
Or will I have to look in vain
For some I watched for every day
To cross with me the dear old Bay?

Perchance before the year is done
Death's pilot may have called for some;
Or will they all be there in May
To cross with me the dear old Bay?

I hope I won't miss e'er a face,
But find each in his same old place.
Gee! I'll be glad to hear them say:
"Come on across the dear old Bay."

ONLY A BOY—BUT BRITISH

JUST as the sun was sinking to rest,
And the twilight coming fast,
They brought him in from a blood-dyed field;
He had fought his first—and last.

They carried him back from the firing line.
From a hell of shrapnel fires;
He had volunteered—a forlorn hope,
And had tried to cut the wires.

His face was fair, the smile on his lip
Glowed with the courage within;
If Britain lived, and he lived or died,
It was all the same to him.

“Nurse,” said the lad, “I ‘got it’ at last,
But tell them I’m glad I came;
Tell them I swore with my dying breath
I’d do what I did again.

“Please raise my head, like mother would do,
Tell her you took her place,
Tell her I said you did what you could,
Oh, for one look at her face!

“Tell her from me her boy loved her well,
God and myself understand;
Give her my love and tell her I died
For her and my native land.

“Tell the boys from me, I am glad I am here,
And I did the best I could;
Ask some lad to come and take my place,
If somone don’t—well—he should.

“Give them this message from me, dear nurse,
Tell them I’m glad that I came;
Britain has need of her loyal sons,
Needs every one who is game.”

They laid him away in khaki shroud,
Underneath the sun-kissed sod,
For just as the vesper-bell rang out
His soul was wafted to God.

FOR LOVE OF THE LADS IN THE TRENCHES

WHEN you're toasting your shins by your own grate
fire,

And the wind is just zipping outside,
When things are all coming the way you desire,
Don't you think that we should at least divide
With the lads in those awful trenches?

Just think of them, manfully freezing to-night
In a dug-out away off in France;
Don't you think, if we want to do what is right
We'll all do our best and help to enhance
The comfort of "ours" in the trenches?

When resting at home, with no comfort denied,
With our loved ones protected and warm,
When we think how these lads have suffered—yea,
died—
Sacrifice surely would soon have a charm,
And he good for the lads in the trenches.

If we're proud of these lads who fill up the ranks,
Is there anyone living who's not?
The very best way we can give them our thanks,
And prove we admire each man in the lot,
Is giving for those in the trenches.

Whatever we gave in the year which has fled,
Can't we double it—yes, and some more,—
And care for the wounded, and honor the dead,
For us the Hell of the trenches they bore,
For us they faced death in the trenches.

There are lads coming home, sick, wounded, and sad,
But no Christmas for them such as ours;
They should get such welcome as boys never had
The best that we have, be given in showers,
For love of the boys in the trenches.

THE PAST AND FUTURE

(Third year of the "Great War")

ANOTHER year has just moored itself
To the distant shores of time,
And the things we did and did not do
Are engrossed in gold or grime.

The days that we spent in doing good
Are placed to each man's credit,
But the days we spent in aimless waste
Make far too large a debit.

The hours we spend for the world of need
Enrich our remaining years,
But dregs in our cup of unkind deeds
Must be purified by tears.

The time you gave for the world's best good
Will add lustre to your name,
And the joy which comes with sacrifice
Must mean more to you than fame.

May the good ship "Christmas" bring to you
All your heart and soul can ask,
But do not forget misfortune's son
When in comfort's rays you bask.

May the next year find the world at peace
With your home, and mine, at rest;
But perhaps we'd better leave these things
To the One who knows what's best.

May misfortune ne'er find your address,
Poverty's ghost never be seen,
And the happiness which lives with love
Be yours in Nineteen Seventeen.

MOTHER O' MINE

To the mother who is longing
For her boy now over sea,
May I tell you, gentle mother,
He is safe as safe can be.
Though the days are long and dreary,
And your heart is sore distressed,
Though the nights seem dark and endless,
And your eyes hold tears suppressed,
Though your soul yearns for that laddie
Whom you pray for every e'en,
There is something, mother, something,
That protects your boy, I ween.
He was willing, mother willing,
In these days of need and test,
To give proof that his real manhood
Had foundation in your breast,
He has proven, mother, proven,
That he loved his God and you;
Then just smile your sweetest, mother,
It's just what he'd have you do.
He is safer, mother, safer
In the hollow of God's hand
Than some others I could mention
Who disgrace their native land.

OUR RED CROSS WOMEN

IN the glory and glamor of warfare
There are some always ready to share,
But when glory is not in the limelight
They are sometimes, but not always, there.

When the trumpets and bugles are sounding,
And the blood is all stirred by the drums,
When the mob the "old flag" is surrounding,
It is easy to work with the lungs.

But when duty means work in the background.
And when sacrifice counts for the most,
There are some, for this reason, don't ring sound,
And they "can't get away from their post."

But for noble and lovely devotion
To the duties which some people shirk,
My old heart it is filled with emotion
When I think of the great Red Cross work.

When I think of these great women workers
My best feelings are touched to the quick,
When I think of the brand they call shirkers,
How my pen seems to stop—and get thick.

“Inasmuch as ye’ve done it to others,”
Said the Master, “It’s done unto me,”
And the work they are doing for brothers,
It will be paged for eternity.

When I think of the work they are doing,
And the One they are trying to serve,
Then I know the reward they are wooing,
It’s the one they will get—and deserve.

Should there be any woman not working,
Who in the whirl of pleasure forgets,
Oh, be careful that sorrow’s not lurking,
And the future bring sad, sad regrets.

KHAKI RHYMES

OH Canada, dear Canada,
The land that gave me birth
I love thee with my heart and soul
Because I know thy worth.

WOULD THEY GO?

My wife and myself were discussing the war,
Just after the evening meal;
We talked of the lads who were going so far,
And how their dear mothers would feel.

I said to her: "Wife, if our country should need
Your boys, who are so dear to you,
Would you ask both to stay, or bid them 'God
speed,'
Or what do you think you would do?"

Her eyes held the tears which true mothers shed;
Her face had a look good to see,
And these, with a toss of her dear, dear head,
Were the words she handed to me:

"I would pray that my God for His own Son's
sake
Would let such a cross pass me by,
But with all of my proud Hielan' blood at stake
Would they go? They would—if I die!"

BRITAIN FOR RIGHT

BRITAIN'S sons, from every clime,
Fighting for the Empire's weal,
Fighting for a cause Divine,
Never shall to tyrant kneel;
Sons bred in the same safe nest,
Clasp the same old Mother's knee,
Nestling in the same proud breast,
Drank the milk of Liberty.

Nations rise and nations fall,
But Old England leads them all.
Britain, by the "Gods of War!"
Knows just what she's fighting for,
Looks not to the right or left—
Freedom's cause shall feel her heft—
With her sons at her right hand
Britain shall forever stand,
God's champion of right.

With the might that stands for right,
And by all unwritten laws,
She stands foremost in the fight.
Who shall dare the lion's jaws?
History's page, an open book,
Is unfolded to the world;
She shall never insult brook
To God's Freedom Flag unfurled.

Echoes of the golden past
Make each British heart beat fast.
Sons of British blood and bone
Fight for right and hold their own,
Fighting as they always do
When Old England wants them to.
"Fight for those who need the most"
Ever shall be Britain's boast,
Her watchword, God and Right.

COME AND JOIN THE COLORS

Come on and join the colors, lads,
Come on, and act like men.
Your duty stares you in the face,
So do it with a willing grace,
As true men do—be one of them.

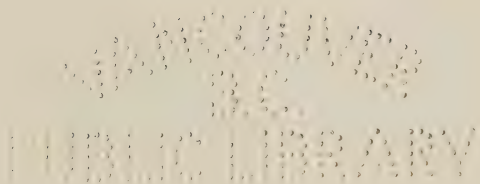
Come on and join the colors, lads,
Come on and join the rest;
If you were bred by proper sire
Your blood should now be all on fire;
Be one of those who stood the test.

Come on and join the colors, lads,
Come on and show your breed;
If sired by Saxon, Scot, or Celt,
You surely can't to fear have knelt—
We won't believe it, no, indeed.

Come on and join the colors, lads,
Come on, hold up your heads;
Be proud that God has made you strong,
To help to right the world's worst wrong;
Come on, and help avenge the dead.

Come on and join the colors, lads,
Come on, be true, be true;
Those Prussian beasts are still at large;
Come on and head some gallant charge—
Perhaps a V. C. waits for you.

Come on and join the colors, lads,
Come on, come on, fall in;
For sake of all that you hold dear,
Hark to the call which sounds so clear;
You will, you must, help Britain win.



GOOD-NIGHT "BILL"

YES, by jing, we've heard those bugles,
We've been lassooed by the drum,
We have laid aside our marbles,
We've spit out our chewing-gum.

We have pawned our summer flannels,
And have "canned" our new glad rags,
We have chucked our picnic trousers,
Gone forever, ice cream jags.

Ah! no more will those blamed jitneys
Lure us to the Humber banks;
We have burnt our baseball britches,
Khaki now adorns our shanks.

We gave the milkman our lacrosse,
Our hockey boots to "postie;"
We burnt up tons of playing cards—
No more of "draw" for Willie.

Gone, alas! are tennis racquets,
Light the fire with fishing poles;
Long no more for football matches,
What care we for golfing holes?

And to the sweet girl left behind
We would ask you to be nice;
When she hints of down-town "movies"
We hope you will have the price.

If anything else that we can do,
By the laws of old man Hoyle
We'll gladly, gladly do the same,
Just to prove that we are loyal.

Tell it to an eager public,
The Kaiser's tail is twisted;
O fear no more for Emperor Bill—
It's over—we've enlisted.

COME ON LADS

Don't you hear the bugle calling,
 Don't you hear the rattling drums?
Don't you hear the pibroch wailing,
 Can't you hear the sound of guns?

Can't you see those murdered babies,
 Can't you hear the mother's moan?
Can't you see those blackened ruins,
 Which some Belgian called his home?

Can't you see the graves of comrades
 In the lily fields of France?
Can't you see those hero prisoners,
 Who are calling you, perchance?

Can't you see where duty calls you,
 Can't you see the chance you miss?
Are you deaf to all the cheering,
 Would you rather hear the hiss?

Don't you know your country needs you,
 Have you no red blood on tap?
Don't you want to mark your manhood,
 Or don't you care a rap?

Has the blood of your forefathers
 Turned to water in your veins?
Would you like the term "a coward"
 Stuck forever to your names?

Won't you fight for God and country,
 Won't you hark to freedom's call?
Then, for God's sake, join the colors,
 Don't let others do it all.

The lads who have gone before you,
 Whom Canada gave as toll,
Yes, their names will live forever,
 As men with God-given soul.

Help Britain to crush the tyrant,
 To close his blaspheming lip:
Come on and avenge the children,
 Come on, lads, and "do your bit."

TO BOYS OF THE NEW BRIGADE

JUST once more I cross the threshold
Of a place so dear to me,
And I look for absent faces
Still enshrined in memory.

'Tis the good old New Year muster
With the "Boys of the Old Brigade"—
How I love to meet old comrades
Who the Regiment's history made.

As the years fast chase each other,
And the New Year comes again,
How my eyes grow dim with longing,
And my joy is mixed with pain.

When I name the boys of mem'ry
Who have answered their "last post,"
I dream of the days now vanished,
As we drink the silent toast.

I think of the dear old Regiment
And the boys who've "mustered out,"
But I see the same old spirit
In the khaki boys about.

To the boys of all contingents
Who answer the bugle call:
Return with the flag untarnished,
Or don't bring it back at all!

To the lads who fill our places:
When the "fall in" strikes your ear,
When Sergeant Duty calls your name
Let no man "step to the rear."

To the "Girl I Left Behind Me:"
Step out with a martial swing,
With pride in the dear old colors
And faith in your God and King.

*(Written for the mess of my old regiment—Queen's
Own Rifles.)*

BILL ADAMS SAYS TO ME

"I'M old and sad and weary;
My time is almost spent;
My eyes are dim and bleary,
My legs are thin and bent.
I had my chance like others;
There's not much of me left;
I guess I have twin-brothers
Who feel we have no heft.
With health and years both waning,
I can't do what I would,
My spirit wants no taming,
And wants it understood:
If I were young and smarter,
Mine eyes were clear and bright,
I'd barter my hereafter
For just one chance to fight
That devil's understudy
Who feeds on shot and shell,
His hands with murder, bloody,
That fiend let loose from hell.
The road to Tipperary,
It may be all up hill,
I'd walk to Demerrary
For a shot at Kaiser Bill.

I've passed the war age limit,
And have not made my will,
I'd give my all this minute
For a crack at Kaiser Bill,
I may be old and gray, sir,
But oh, I'd like to be
Where I could pot that Kaiser."
Bill Adams says to me.

TORONTO WOMEN'S HOME GUARD

(God Bless Them)

AIN'T it awful, awful, awful,
Yes, just really awful, friend?
That Toronto, yes, Toronto,
On her women guards depend.

I don't doubt they are in earnest;
Yes, they must be, oh, ye gods.
But oh men, oh men, oh mankind,
Are we simply only clods?

Are there no men on the market?
Are there no men yet in view?
Who could help remove this stigma?
Almost anything would do.

I am old myself and feeble,
And I can't go to the front;
But it's "got my goat," dear comrades,
Has this "Women's Home Guard" stunt.

No, not for a single moment
Would I throw a sneer at them;
But the male blood in me sayeth
Please don't let them ape the men.

There are lots of Things besides me
Pr'haps not doing what we should,
But if women stick to knitting
We poor men will all be good.

Oh, dear women, lovely women,
I take off my hat to you,
There is nothing, simply nothing,
For your sakes I would not do.

But for our sakes don't be foolish,
You're too sweet to look like men;
Sweeten home, knit socks, and love us
And we men will chant "Amen."

DON'T YOU THINK THAT YOU'LL BE SORRY?

WHEN this cruel war is over,
And the "scroll of fame" is closed,
Don't you think that you'll be sorry
Others worked—you simply dozed?

When the glorious allied victory
Is proclaimed unto the world,
Don't you think that you'll be sorry
Scornful lips at you are curled?

When the boys come proudly marching
Down the streets of "home sweet home,"
Don't you think that you'll be sorry
When you slink by all alone?

When the girls all kiss their heroes,
Can't you think what this will mean?
Don't you think that you'll be sorry
When you think what "might have been?"

When they wave the flag of freedom,
Saved by blood of heroes slain,
Don't you think that you'll be sorry
Yes, and hang your head in shame?

When the deeds of your old comrades
History says have saved the ship,
Don't you think that you'll be sorry
That you didn't help a bit?

When the Thistle, Rose, and Shamrock
Are entwined with Maple Leaves,
Don't you think that you'll be sorry
You're the saddest thing that breathes?

Then, my boy assert your manhood;
For the slacker there's no place.
V. C. won by humble hero
Glorifies the British race. .

THE LADS IN THE TRENCHES

HERE's to the lads in the trenches,
Who are doing their duty, each one,
God knows the terrible wrenches,
But they did what their fathers have done.

In the strength of splendid manhood,
And with pride in the dear motherland,
They left home and friends of childhood,
Only those who are true understand.

Fighting that freedom be anchored,
Yes, forever, in earth's farthest berth,
Never shall Britain be conquered,
They are fighting for heaven and earth.

They're fighting for truth and freedom,
They are fighting for you and for me
Fighting 'gainst slav'ry and serfdom,
They are dying that men shall be free.

All cannot go to the "fire line,"
But the least we can do is to work,
Some may have wealth, some spare time,
And there's no place on earth for the shirk.

To lads in the army and navy
We owe debts which can never be paid,
He who says nay is a slavey,
In the depths of his heart is afraid.

For the sake of babes and women,
For the love of the mothers of sons,
Let us show these lads we love them,
What they need let us send them in tons.

Here's to each branch of the service,
Let them know we are theirs to command,
Giving their best just to serve us,
Let us give them the best in the land.

Here's to the lads in the trenches,
Give a cheer for the boys far from home,
The spirit death never quenches
Is the spirit in them to the bone.

WHAT SHOULD WE DO

It's how can we get our young men to enlist?

Is the uppermost question to-day.

If the Government says we must not insist.

Who will tell us the pleasantest way?

If we know a chap who is medically fit

Who refuses to fight for his home,

Should we ask him just why he won't do his bit,

Or just quietly leave him alone?

Should we point to the flag which waves overhead,

And then ask him to help keep it there?

Or should we just shun him as one who is dead

To the pride which all freemen should share?

Should we tell him how men despise such as he,

That he's one who just cumpers the ground?

Or leave him alone, in the hope he will see

He must fight or give reason that's sound?

Would it do any good to speak of the chaps

Who have courage and manhood to fight

Or had we best leave him, and pray that perhaps

He will make up his mind what is right?

If these boys could be made to quite understand

What a scorn is in everyone's glance,

It would not be long till they joined the brave band

Who are fighting—all heroes—in France.

DON'T BE A SLACKER

(Tenderly dedicated "To Whom it May Concern")

WHEN your God and Country call you,
And freedom is at stake,
Is there any chance whatever
That you have made mistake?

Are you thinking of your business,
Or what has made you weak?
Just whatever you may call it,
It's now the time to speak.

If you want to earn your manhood—
The world needs all her best—
It is now the time to prove it;
Come on and join the rest.

Every day the call grows louder
(Old England don't need much),
But she hates to breed a slacker;
Oh, feel the Empire touch!

No excuse will go in history;
Now don't get mad and rage;
When you think of Edith Cavell
What's home to you or wage?

In the future of your country.
For whom its best has fought,
Will you be with your old regiment
Or hide in some back lot?

When you think of grand old Britain,
And why she's in this war,
Don't keep your country wondering
What God has made you for.

OUR KHAKI RECRUITS

HERE'S to the lads in khaki,
I am proud of each mother's son;
They are better than me,
And whole lots that I see—
I'll back them for any old sum.

My heart goes out to each laddie
Who is wearing the King's glad rags;
Give these boys what they need,
Or some day you may read,
"Recruiting for some reason lags."

They are doing their bit for us,
Are doing their bit, did you say?
They're the whole of the works,
And not one of them shirks,
And they don't get half enough pay.

Just think what these boys have given up—
Yes, think, and then think till you're sore;
Their home ties are as sweet
As the rest of the street;
Don't use the word "bit" any more.

Gee whiz! I do like these recruits;
They have my respect to a man—
They're the best in the land,
And we all understand,
They are not in class "also ran."

Honor the boys with the colors,
For them there is nothing too good.
I don't care what you say,
They're the "men of the day."
If you don't believe it, you should.

For the sake of home and mother,
For the sake of those you love well,
Take these boys to your heart,
With some human love part—
They stand between them and Hun Hell.

IT'S UP TO US

My heart's with the men who've just come back
From fighting those German hordes;
It's up to us that nothing they lack—
Treat them like princes and lords.

Let us work and work and work some more,
Let us act like decent men;
Don't let the crime be laid to our doors
That we're not worthy of them.

Wounded, or sick from that gas of hell,
We owe them the best we've got;
Don't have future historians tell
Of duty this country forgot.

Whatever we give is not too good,
And no sacrifice should count;
Those who won't give, be it understood,
Are branded as "No account."

Think of those men who suffered for us,
Think of their homes and their wives;
Don't let that phrase, "It was always thus,"
Spell woe for deserving lives.

Think of those heroes under the sod,
And for what these men have striven;
Think of your duty to man and God,
And give as the Lord has given.

Give with your heart and give with your soul—
Don't let it be said you shirked;
Your name engraved on the honor roll
Of those who both gave and worked.

FALL IN, FALL IN

I SAW them out on parade to-day,
'Twas a sight that was good to see;
They marched with a vim that seemed to say,
We are just where we ought to be.

Some of them lads just out of their teens,
Some others showed trace of wear;
Each face had a look which plainly means
They were strangers to human fear.

There were tall, and short, and dark, and fair,
But they all had the look that counts,
A look which said, "We will do our share,
And we'll try to square some accounts."

I looked with pride at each gallant chap
And was proud of my British birth.
When old Britain starts to change the map,
Of men, there is never a dearth.

As in days of yore her men are true,
'Tis the love for the God-made flag;
When Britain has need, and wants them, too,
They will die for the dear old rag.

I'm sorry, I am, for those who won't
Join the colors, if strong and fit.
Shame, oh, shame, if they can and don't,
They should, and they must, do their bit.

Fall in, fall in, ye who are asleep.
Lest the finger of scorn touch you;
So if manhood pride you want to keep,
There's only one thing you can do.

HADES OUTDONE

'Twas midnight in the halls of Hell;
The fiend on guard cried: "All is well."
A fiend had just returned from Earth;
He laughed, and laughed, and laughed in mirth:
"I've just come back, dear friends," said he,
"From scenes of lovely butchery.
I saw sweet babes from mother's breast
Torn by Huns at Kultur's request,
Thrown to the dogs to live or die—
The butchers laughed as they passed by.
I saw the ravished women there;
I saw deeds done that fiends forswear:
I saw the sites of ruined homes,
And saw the heaps of blackened bones.
I heard the shot, the awful shell,
I saw men sabred where they fell.
I saw great cities burn at night,
And say, dear fiends, it was a sight.
Some things, oh imps, o'er which we gloat,
From us are now far, far remote.
You'd really think this was enough,
That HATE would spread its sails and luff,
To find some more congenial sphere,
And never more on Earth appear.
But no, the worst I've yet to tell,
I hate to tell it, e'en in Hell;

Much as I love these dastard things,
I hid my face behind my wings.
It's deeds like this put Hell to shame—
I guess we'll have to change the name."
The fiends just here said: "Tell the rest,
The last to us may be the best."
The arch fiend then began again,
His evil face showed trace of pain.
"To show," said he, "what Kultur meant,
A certain Thug with foul intent
Condemned to die a woman sweet,
The kind, they say, in Heaven you meet.
She nursed and soothed the soldiers' pain,
On fevered brows her hand had lain;
The mother heart in her was large;
She knew these boys were God's own charge.
Because she heard the human cry
It was decreed that she should die.
Oh, fiends, I heard the shot, the scream,
And try to think it was a dream,
But just before I left for Hell
I saw a look I know full well
On faces of some sullen men,
A look that somehow hallowed them.
I heard the vows, I heard the curse,
I heard them bless this martyred nurse."
Just then the keeper said "All's well;
The Kaiser's just come down to Hell."

A KULTURED ACT

(Sinking of the Arabic)

ANOTHER bit of Kulture,
Again is Satan wooed,
Once more the German vulture
Is gorged with human food.

Another ship of commerce
In graveyard of the sea,
Another act of malice
Charged up to Germany.

Another ship and cargo,
Bound for a neutral shore,
A victim of torpedo
And Hunnish lust for gore.

It was a deed of hell hate,
Just venom's undertow;
Even Hades shuns an inmate
Who'd do a deed so low.

Do Kaiser and his devils,
Who laugh just now in glee,
Consider in their revels
What hell for them will be?

E'en Satan and his minions
Some breed of microbes shun:
They seem to thrive in millions
In this degraded Hun.

Another link is welded
In retribution's chain;
But Kulture—it defended,
She can't efface the stain.

Lord God of hosts and battles,
We humbly, humbly pray
That Britain forge the shackles
To chain this beast of prey.

THE COMMISSION BUG

THERE'S a rummie sort of microbe
In whole lots of chaps I meet;
What I think of this fool microbe
I will not just here repeat.
It seems to thrive in lots of men
Who all want to wear a sword;
There are more "commission" hunters
Than this country can afford.

It really is a curious bug,
This germ, or protoplasm:
It has not yet been classified,
Tho' many seem to have 'em.
This microbe is some stickler sure,
As to where he should reside;
But he seems to be contented
In the "middle classers" hide.

It seems to be the proper place
For this class of bug to grow,
And when you see just what I mean
You'll agree with me, I know.
The class to which I've just referred,
Is one that is hard to judge;
The one they call the kid-gloved brand—
Those who hate their hands to smudge.

For this and other reasons, sir,
What the microbe does is this:
It says, "My boy, if you enlist,
They must give you a 'commiss.' "
I know you want to fight, I do,
But oh, dear, the awful thought;
To think that you might have to eat
With the lad your laundry brought.

So keep right on, my boy, keep on
In the hunt for your commiss;
Be sure maintain your family pride,
Even tho' the war you miss.
This sort of pride just makes me sick;
When I think of it, I swear;
It somehow seems to make some think
They're the real, real earthenware.

It seems too bad that this is true,
But it's our real condition;
With far too many men it is
Commission, or omission.
Experience, boys, has taught me this:
In the ranks you'll find real men;
It will not tarnish honest pride
If you think and act like them.

HIS MANHOOD TO MAINTAIN

ANOTHER year has sauntered past
With all its hopes and fears;
It came and went just like the last,
Quite like preceding years.

What has it meant for you and me?
This question we should ask,
How have we helped humanity?
Let's take ourselves to task.

Each year has duties all its own,
Have they been squarely faced?
Duty to country, God, and home,
Was every chance embraced?

The chances lost are gone for aye,
Regrets bring tears and pain,
Let's shake each other's hands, and say,
"We won't do that again."

What should our motto be this year?
Let it be "sacrifice,"
Let's high a Red Cross altar rear,
With "Freedom" its device.

Let's bring our gifts of time and thought,
And gifts of money, too,
Let's give for what our fathers fought,
And to ourselves be true.

Tell every khaki lad you meet
How proud you are of him,
And when the other chap you greet,
Tell him the self-same thing.

For that's the best way, after all,
(His reason may be hid),
Then when he's free to hear the call,
Why, you'll be glad you did.

Let's put ourselves in each man's place,
Just think what this would mean,
Our judgments, 'praps, would have more grace,
Our praises not so lean.

Let's give each man the benefit
Of honest fight within,
And when his heart with truth is lit,
We'll all be proud of him.

Oh, God, our help in ages past,
Thy power is still the same,
Help every Briton, first and last,
His manhood to maintain.

BLOOD WILL TELL

I've joined the colors and I feel so good,
I can now assert my real manhood;
It's fine to know I have done what's right,
And, oh, say, boys! I feel out of sight.

I can look each man square in the face,
I can hold my head up any place,
Say! It's great to feel just as I do,
I feel like a man clean through and through.

'Twas hard at first to get into line,
To make up my mind took "quite some time;"
I have sighted my gun and found the range,
And you couldn't hire me to make a change.

I wasn't quite sure whether to join or not,
(But my old dad's blood just got on top,)
And oh, gee whiz! I am glad I did,
For proud I am of my khaki lid.

Some chaps I know, they were just like me,
But some day soon they will join, you'll see;
When they think of home and what might be,
It won't take long till they're in khaki.

Come on then, boys, get into the game,
If you want to save your family name;
The only thing you can do, of course,
Is hurry up and join the Overseas Force.

You'll feel like the biggest thing on earth,
Your country proud of your manhood's birth,
So come on then, boys, it's great it is,
Come on and help in your country's biz.

When you boys come back, as come you will,
When the victory's won—but not until,
Then your mothers and sweethearts fond and
 true,
Oh, boys, what a welcome they'll give you!

Hip hurrah! At last I am awake.
I've joined the colors for my country's sake,
And, oh, say, boys! take a tip from me,
The sporting color is the King's Khaki.

THEY ARE COMING

It's the same "fiery cross,"
Which Scotia well knew,
Is abroad in this land
With message for—who?

To those who have mothers
And sisters and wife,
It's to him who'd defend
His home with his life.

It's to him who has blood
He's willing to shed
For love of the living,
For sake of the dead.

It's to him who believes
That his mother gave birth
To son who is worthy
A place on this earth.

It's to him who believes
His God made men free,
It is to him who loves
His dear "ain countrie."

From mountain and river,
From prairie and glen,
They're coming in thousands,
Great big husky men.

From the city they come,
With Varsity 'nought,
From the farm and the mine,
No scrub in the lot.

From the north and the south,
From east and the west,
When old Britain says "Come,"
We give of our best.

When real men are needed,
Who'll fight till they drop,
The land of the maple
Produces a crop.

British blood is on fire,
Just take it from me,
There is trouble ahead.
For who? GERMANY.

BRITAIN IS CALLING

BRITAIN is calling, her sons are replying:

“Mother, I hear you calling me.

Mother, we’re coming, we’re coming, we’re coming—
Ready to die if it need be.”

Britain is calling, oh, Britain is calling,

Yes, calling her sons far and wide;

She knows they are longing, just simply longing,
To be at the old mother’s side.

Britain is calling, old Britain is calling

The sons who are faithful and true;

Britain is certain—yes, Britain is certain—
She knows what her real sons will do.

Britain is calling, dear Britain is calling

To those who believe in her God;

Each man knows his duty—yes, knows his full duty,
Unless he is simply a clod.

Britain is calling, is earnestly calling,

So don’t let the call be in vain;

Britain is calling; she knows why she’s calling—
It’s only the shirkers remain.

Britain is calling—yes, rightfully calling
To sons who have courage within;
When she is ready, when she's good and ready,
The end of the war will begin.

God bless old Britain—yes, God bless dear Britain;
I'm glad that 'twas her mothered me.
God loves old Britain, His strong arm protects her;
She fights for the world's liberty.

ACQUIT YOURSELVES LIKE MEN

LORD God of Nations, save us, please;
Protect us from the curse of ease.
Wherever I am, wherever I go,
I'm constantly stubbing an officer's toe;
Whenever I try to cross the street,
I usually tread on officers' feet.
Wherever we go, wherever we be,
A "provisional" is usually one, two, three.
The street-cars sure are full of these;
The girls don't sit, they stand at ease.
Hotels and clubs and Y. M. C.,
Are filled with officers—to be;
It is not really nice, you know,
To go abroad with class below,
Is there no help? Can men not see
How "class" just now is mockery?
Can't "pinkers" be declined with thanks,
Or be made men within the ranks?
Don't real men know when in the trenches,
With dukes and artisans from benches,
They'll eat and bunk and swap their stories,
And altogether share the glories
Of victory, won by deeds of daring,
Not one of them a minute caring
Whence came his chums, or what their stations,
The Nation's weal made them relations.

On rank and file the Nation banks,
God send us men to fill the ranks;
Just think things over once again,
And then acquit yourselves like men.

OH, MOTHER LAND

(Dedicated to Lady Hughes)

God blessed our Land in days of yore
With big men, strong and true,
They crossed the sea from Britain's shore,
Dame Fortune's smile to woo.
The new world message came to them
As a place where men were free,
Rose, Thistle, Shamrock, root and stem,
Earth's greatest Trinity.
Sons to-day have the same red blood
Which flowed in grandsire veins;
It ebbs and flows like spring-time flood,
But still the strain remains.

Oh, Mother Land, please understand
We're here at your command;
By night and day, whene'er you say,
Command us, Mother Land.

The old log cabin fires still glow,
The same old spirit grows,
The old blazed trail of long ago
The same old foot-print shows.
The silent pathway's mossy bed
Is same as yesterday.

Old dead leaves had the same soft tread
When Grand-dad passed that way.
But son, who has old Grand-dad's blood,
Has other paths to tread;
He now will make it understood
How he and Dad were bred.

Oh, Mother Land, please understand,
We're here at your command;
By night and day, whene'er you say,
Command us, Mother Land.

To-day the sons of these brave sires
Maintain tradition's best;
They've sworn an oath by freedom's fires
The foe shall have no rest,
And by that sacred oath they stand
Till death or victory's sure.
Oh, Mother Land, please understand
Thy name must aye endure.
We give our best blood, Mother Land,
To flow, if need arise,
Oh, Mother ours, you understand
Our heritage we prize.

Oh, Mother Land, please understand,
We're here at your command;
By night and day, whene'er you say,
Command us, Mother Land.

GOOD-BYE 35TH CANADIANS

YES, I was down at the station,
When our blood went away to the fight,
I saw them, pride of the nation,
And I'll never forget the sad sight.

I saw the fathers and mothers,
And I heard the babes "goo to be kiss't;"
Saw tender farewells of lovers,
Then my eyes seemed to blur with a mist.

Saw some great big, manly heroes,
Who were trembling with infinite love,
My heart was sick in the throes
Of a pity that God knows above.

I saw that sweet little sister,
And I heard the last tender "good-bye;"
Yes, I saw him stoop and kiss her,
With the big-brother tears in his eye.

I saw the old dad, stoop-shouldered,
Who was trying so hard to be brave,
Long, long years since he had soldiered—
He was proud of the son that he gave.

And I saw that dear, sweet mother,
Who had bowed to the "chastening rod,"
She kissed one cheek, then the other,
As she whispered, "My boy, trust your God."

I saw sweet wives who were trying
Not to make it too hard for "their men,"
Eyes that held look of the dying,
I hope never to see it again.

They're gone—to their history's making,
And the sun does not shine anywhere,
And oh, those hearts that are breaking,
They will need all our love and our prayer.

For love of the God who made you,
By the blessing of your happy home,
You know your duty, or should do,
So don't leave them to suffer alone.

CANADA'S BEST

I'm glad that our boys are walking up,
And signing their names to the honor roll;
The roll they sign is the "Roll of Fame,"
And the lad who signs is the lad with soul.
My heart beats true with those khaki lads,
For I know the sacrifice they have made,
But with conscience clear, and manhood proved,
These lads must be proud that they "made the
grade."

With peace proclaimed and the world at rest,
And the sword exchanged for the pruning-hook,
The lads who have played the manly game
Are the ones to whom this country will look.
To those who saved her this land belongs,
Is surely the lesson this war must teach;
This land on which the Creator smiled,
Its best is for those who stood in the breach.

Oh, lad, what a glorious chance you have
To prove what the real British blood is worth!
When the roll is called you answer "Here!"
You'll be one of the proudest lads on earth.
The flag that you wave is tinged with blood
Of heroes who died that freedom shall reign.
Thank God for name your fathers bequeathed,
Don't let it be said that they died in vain.

TELL IT OUT UNTO THE CROSSROADS

I CAME from back of Nowheresville,
From Concession number three,
And I tell it to your face
It's the only, only place;
It's the place where I was born, you see.

Where we hardly, hardly ever
Get a paper from the town;
When we do the paper's old,
And enthusiasm cold,
But all the same, I am not a clown.

We never saw a telegram,
Or a cable out our way,
But there's me and other chaps
Who herd cows from open gaps,
We could help fork Huns as well as hay.

No, I am not 'just really sure,
How it was the word leaked through,
But I heard the news by chance,
And I want to go to France,
Yes, I want to do my share, I do.

And there are thousands much like me,
Who live way back in the woods,
They can't spell the word defeat,
But would rather fight than eat,
They are men—and also "have the goods."

Then, send the word just sizzling out,
Let the boys away back know,
Great big Ike, and Bill, and Jim,
Would they help the nation win?
Gosh! would not a kingbird fight a crow?

SIMPLE WORDS

YES, I went to a hockey game last night,
But till freedoms's won, not again;
It really was not an inspiring sight,
It was simply a sickening shame.
Thousands of men there, medically fit,
And their lungs all seemed strong and deep,
None of them seemingly caring a bit
Whether women or angels weep.

The game on the ice while legal and fair,
And the lads who played it were strong,
There's a real game, I think, in France, somewhere,
Where puck chasers surely belong.
Some of the lads who were playing that game
Laid khaki aside for the night,
But others, I'm told, had not done the same,
Tho' seemingly brimfull of fight.

Strong men by the score who sat through that game
Some day will wake up with a start,
And find it too late to save their good name,
They'll sit quite alone in the dark.
These few simple words as given above
While simple, are certainly true
Boys! for the sake of the home that you love
Get into God's khaki, please do.

SPRING, GENTLE SPRING

THE voice of Spring is heard in the air,
And dirt and microbes are everywhere,
But soon we will see the "white wings" fleet,
And watering-carts out on every street.
Even now I can see those moth-balls white,
And we don't get up by electric light.
The robins are now all hustling for worms,
House-cleaning begins, for which everyone yearns;
Yea, yearns to be any place else but home.
It's the time of the year we leave mother alone;
It's the time of the year each man needs a rest—
(If the doctor's wise he says fishing is best.)
And the average man who loves to do good
For the sake of his health just hikes to the wood-
Land stream, where he fishes and fishes,
But sends to dear wifey his very best wishes,
And hopes that house-cleaning will soon be forgotten,
And says he'd be home, but is feeling too rotten.
He sends his best love and kisses galore,
But says, for his health, must fish a week more.
We are tickled to death that Spring "has come,"
It smells of fish, and ball, and game.
But lots of lads who fished last Spring
Are now unrolling a different string.

It's nice to hear of "sports" and "bloods,"
But real sports now wear khaki duds.
To me the nicest new Spring suit
Is the one on the back of a khaki recruit.

THE SONS OF "OUR LADY OF SNOWS"

THEY may come from the land of frost and snow,
From the place where icicles grow,
But they hold their own with the best of earth,
Proud of the "Lady" who gave them birth
Are the sons of "our Lady of Snows."

They are big and strong, they are bold and true,
They can do what earth's best can do,
But they can't kill babes, nor fill coward's grave,
"No stain, thank God, on the flag we wave,"
Say the sons of "our Lady of Snows."

They come from the land where all men are free,
The land where peace just loves to be;
But they'll wade through leagues of slush and snow
To do their "bit" 'gainst a treacherous foe,
Will the sons of "our Lady of Snows."

The sons of the North may be slow to start,
Cold can't chill a Canadian heart;
Please send to old Britain this telegram,
"We'll all be there for the final slam,"
Say the sons of "our Lady of Snows."

THEIR LAST PARADE

(95th Battalion, C.E.F.)

I AM proud of the 95th, am I,
And I'll tell you the reason why.
I saw their last home parade to-day,
I'll see them return, I hope and pray.
Each man to me looked so strong and fit,
Each youngster chafing like colt at the bit.
They looked to me fit to do—or die,
And seemed to know they were there—and why.
Their rifles were held at the proper slope,
No man in the ranks his distance broke.
The tilt of their caps had angle true,
Underneath shone eyes that looked one through.
Each man had a look which said to me,
“I'm here for I love ‘my ain countrie.’ ”
They marched with a stride of proper length,
It breathed of vigor, and health, and strength.
Some of them short, while others were tall,
But not a man in the ranks looked small.
Count not the size, it's the heart inside,
It's he who looks at his flag with pride;
And it seemed to me each man to-day
Saw duty's finger point just one way.

Brave Mother, don't fret that your boy is there,
Just wrap him up in your love and prayer,
And just thank your God that He blessed you
With a son so strong, so brave, so true.
Make your boy's last gift his mother's smile,
It will help him, Mother, for many a mile.
I am proud of the 95th, am I,
God keep you, boys, au revoir, good-bye.

HONOR THE COLOR AND JIM

GIRLS, will you just let me whisper, my dears—

I hope you won't think that I'm rude—

Just let me whisper one thought in your ears,

Don't think that I want to intrude.

I'm thinking of you, and country as well,

Of all that pertains to your sex;

There are things, I think, that some one should tell,

What I say please try to annex.

Your lover may stand about six feet high,

And your world just hinges on him,

You love him, I know, without him you'd die,

At least so you whisper to Jim.

But, girls, let me say, if Jim is bred right,

And really and truly loves you,

He'll tell his sweetheart, with eyes shining bright,

That only one thing he can do.

For sake of his love and mother and home,

And all that is truest and best,

Must leave you with God, so not all alone,

It's now that real love stands the test.

The "Honor Roll" names some day will be read,
The records are faithful and true;
How do you think you would feel if he said,
"My name would be there—but for you."

Don't make it hard for your lover to wear
The color intended for him,
Tell him you honestly "promise and swear"
To honor both color and Jim.

IN MEMORIAM

(Lieut. A. E. Middleton, born in U. S. A., died fighting for Canada and liberty.)

My eyes fill up and my heart is stirred;
I think of this hero's death.
The soul of the man whom God made big
Went out with his dying breath.
He died for the land which welcomed him,
The land which is proud of such;
Thank God for the men with soul like his,
For we need them, oh, so much.
Ah, his veins ran rich with freedom's blood,
His country—where God had need;
His flag was the flag which waves for right—
He hated the tyrant breed.
His death was a sacrifice supreme,
Such as make men glow within;
With men in the ranks of kindred soul
What could Britain do but win?
May angels watch by his lonely grave
And comfort loved ones bereft;
May his children's children all be proud
Of the heritage he left.

MESSAGE FROM THE TRENCHES

DON'T you hear the call from the trenches?

It is not the weak call of fear,
'Tis the call from those war-worn heroes
Which all loyal men surely hear.

They are calling for reinforcements,
And all that they ask is fair play,
They should get our best men in thousands—
Why should there be any delay?

While we sit here in impotent weakness
Our boys simply crack with the strain;
Recruiting must quickly be doubled,
And only the weak will remain.

The lads who first flocked to the colors,
They rest neither day nor by night.
Arise, all ye men who have courage,
For God's sake get into this fight!

Arise, oh, ye men of the mountains,
The rivers, and prairies and glen,
Be true to the land of your fathers,
And prove to the world that you're men.

THERE WAS A YOUNG MAN

THERE was a young man named Artie,
Who, when asked to get into khaki,
Said, on earnest reflection,
It might spoil his complexion,
So they must ask some other party.

There was a young man named Twist,
Who, when asked why he didn't enlist,
Said his Ma got so nervous
When he spoke of the service
That he found that he had to desist.

There was a young man named Banks,
Who, when asked to help fill the ranks,
Said his feet were too flat,
He was blind as a bat,
So declined every offer with thanks.

There was a young man named Bolder,
Who, when asked a rifle to shoulder,
Yes, he said that he should,
And he guessed that he would
When he was a little bit older.

But another young man, thank God,
Who was more than simply a clod,
 Said, "I'm still very young
 But I'd rather be hung
Than wait for the chastening rod."

There are other young chaps like them
Who haven't discovered they are men,
 But when they awake,
 For their country's sake,
Good-night, dear Kaiser, amen.

PUT ON YOUR OLD SPIKED SHOES

YES, for forty years and over, while old Britain was
asleep,
The mighty German nation laid her plans both dark
and deep.
In her dreams of World dominion not a chance was
overlooked,
And the plots she hatched for conquest all in wisdom's
fires were cooked.
In the race for trade and commerce fast and faster
grew the pace,
While the rules of Hague's convention made all equal
in the race.
The Germans wore spiked shoes.

While the world was bathed in slumber, dreaming
of the joys of peace,
And that strife 'mong Christian nations surely would
forever cease;
Doubted not those German statesmen who had signed
a sacred pledge;
Never dreamed that men of honor from the first would
start to hedge.
Britain likes to win when racing, if it's only "by a
hair,"
When the tape is breasted squarely who will doubt her
win was fair?
The Germans wore spiked shoes.

Since she signed that "scrap of paper" Britain square-
ly played the game;
Peace on earth would reign forever if all others had
her name.
When she fights she fights in earnest, as the Huns by
this time know,
In her scraps no rules are broken, giving, taking blow
for blow.
Peace proclaimed, the Prussian system will be dug up
by the roots;
Don't forget when war was started Britain wore her
old gum boots—
The Germans wore spiked shoes.

Now we know the reason surely why the Germans
got the start,
But we'll head them off forever if we all will do our
part.
Wear devotion shoes with spikes in, sharpen them with
duty's file,
Put your ears back and go to it, heads erect in Bri-
tish style.
Get together, pull together, "Yo heave ho" and save
the ship,
Take a tip from German wisdom, with spiked shoes
you cannot slip.
The Germans wore spiked shoes.

TO MY FRENCH-CANADIAN BROTHERS

THERE'S a stain, O men, on this land of ours,
It's a stain that is deep and black;
The land that we love must be purged of it.
If not, there is something we lack.

There are men in your midst with treason's foul lips
Who shake the mailed fist in our face,
And are stalking abroad without a rebuke.
How long will we bear the disgrace?

Will men of the East, who claim that rich blood
Which flowed in the veins of their sires,
Harbor the curs who would sully the name
So honored by history's fires?

The standard of France, by nature designed
As emblem of chivalrous race,
Is threatened just now with infamous blot.
Repentance will never efface.

Come, all ye true French, let all the world know
You despise that foul mongrel crew;
If France's proud blood is still in your veins
It's now it should quiver anew.

Make plain to the men of the Boor-a-saw breed
Your soil is the soil of the free;
Proclaim to the sons who dishonor your name
They tarnish the proud fleur-de-lis.

Scot, Saxon and Celt, commingled with Gaul,
Shall make the earth's greatest quartette;
United they stand—divided they fall,
Let's bury the past—and forget.

WHY, OH, WHY

*Last week, I was asked to the —— for lunch,
And there it was I got this hunch.*

I SAW healthy chaps in dozens
Who were there with nothing to do;
They were some folks' sons and cousins,
Not mine or yours—I'm glad, ain't you?

They were young and strong and active,
But each was a cigarette fiend;
To some girls they seemed attractive,
But to men, on nothing they leaned.

All were togged up to the limit,
They were idlers personified;
As fashion's freaks they were in it,
But the man in them all had died.

Can nothing be done to save these
From themselves and the days to come?
If there is, will someone speak, please,
Before too much harm is done.

If they'd only quit their nonsense,
And walk to the penitent bench,
They'd find real balm for the conscience,
With real men in some first line trench.

THE RACE FOR LIBERTY'S CUP

YOUR manhood, boys, is the stake in this race,
And the stake is too big to lose;
Entries are asked for the Liberty Cup,
Then no thoroughbred can refuse.

Come on and train, it's the race of your life,
They're calling for you at the post;
The race is for those with courage and blood,
And that's what Canadians boast.

The best in the land have entered this race,
But there's room for you, and some more;
The goal is in sight, but relays must come,
Your comrades are weary and sore.

They've been running for months—should have been
days—
They stagger and die from the strain;
They bank on you, boys, to keep up the pace;
Oh boys, will they beckon in vain?

Only the aged, the blind, and the lame,
Should be scratched—so where do you stand?
Either you will or you won't be a man,
Be true to yourself and your land.

Khaki's the color, the course is in France,
The cup you will surely defend;
The race may be long, the going be rough,
But oh, the reward at the end!

HIS MOTHER'S LETTER

AWAY where the big guns are booming,
In a dug-out near "no man's land,"
A young lad sat quietly mooning,
A letter from home in his hand.

The shells overhead were ameaning,
While shrapnel the parapet tore;
He smiled as he sat in the gloaming,
Then he read his letter once more.

"I wonder what mother is doing,
Her spirit is near me to-day;
Perhaps she is quietly dreaming
In her own sweet motherly way.

"I know what her dear heart is saying,—
Those mother-hearts all speak the same,—
I know she is earnestly praying,
I know that she whispers my name.

Oh, mother, war's dangers are crowding,
I may never see you again;
I feel your dear love me enshrouding,
I would I might shield you from pain.

You send me your love, dearest mother,
What! All of your love, mother mine?
I care not for love from another,
No love is so lovely as thine.

Oh, mother o' mine, are you listening?
I'm doing my bit best I can;
Oh, mother, the tear-drops are glistening,
'Twas you, mother, made me a man."

THE GREAT WAR VETERANS

WHEN I meet these men I feel so small,
For it seems to me they did it all.

I wonder if we realize.

The debt we owe and what the size.

Can we by any change repay,

Or show them e'en in any way

That we are worth the blood they shed?

Or shall we simply shirk instead?

Shall we forget what they gave up

To save us from that bitter cup

Of seeing those we loved so well

In danger of—well, who can tell?

When we at home reclined at ease,

They faced the dangers of disease,

Of shot and shell, and deadly gas,

And all that Hell could bring to pass.

Now they're at home, with wound or worse,

Will they love us, or will they curse

The day they waved the Union Jack,

Which brought them to the day, alack,

When friend and foe seem all the same?

If so, they'll call us by the name,

That name no real man likes to hear,

The name that's always linked with fear.

Then let us give them of our best;
When tried, let's show we stood the test.
Heaven save us from that attitude
Which means to them ingratitude.
Let us make them feel it is worth while
To have their names on the Veteran File.

THE MAPLE LEAF BRAND

ADOWN the street they came marching along,
A glorious sight to see,
Some of the boys who are proud to belong
To Canada's new army.
Glad they are ready and strong and big,
Tickled to death with their khaki rig.
When duty says come they are always on hand,
Hurrah for the boys of the Maple Leaf Brand.

Adown the street they came swinging along,
And what do you think they say?
The men who won't fight, if able and strong,
Have to get out of the way.
This land is for those who love her well,
The song they sing is clear as a bell,
"Get into the game if you have any sand;"
Hurrah for the boys of the Maple Leaf Brand.

Adown the street they came smiling along,
Each lad with his head erect,
They heard the sound of the liberty gong,
That's what they mean to protect.
Each has a mother, sister, or wife,
They'll give the Hun the time of his life.
The men who won't fight, why, they ought to be
canned;
Hurrah for the boys of the Maple Leaf Brand.

Adown the street they came singing along,
And this is the song they sang:
"We fight for the right, so we can't be wrong;
We'll muzzle that Prussian gang.
We'll lick the Kaiser, and all his kin;
It won't be long till we're in Berlin."
Then shoulder a gun and show where you stand,
Says "Johnnie Canuck" of the Maple Leaf Brand.

I WONDER

I MEET boys on the street each day
Who look both fit and strong,
I ask myself, as they pass by,
I wonder what is wrong?

They seem to have the shape of men,
Health stamped on every face;
They seem to have the look which says,
They sprang from British race.

The race which cannot spell defeat,
The race which God ordained
To show the world that "right is might"
And must be aye maintained.

They do not look as if flat feet
Were hid 'neath modern shoes;
It may be they are color blind,
And that is their excuse.

It may be they've no kith or kin
To show them what is right.
If this is so I pity them,
I do, with all my might.

Oh, pity 'tis that it is so,
Nature's denied them brain;
They'd surely hear poor Belgium's cry
Unless they are insane.

I pass them by with wondering mind,
My pity try to hide,
To think that big strong hulks like them
Are only men—outside.

I wonder if it's father's fault?
Does mother keep them back?
But just as sure as you are born,
There's one thing sure they lack.

PERHAPS

IN a leafless tree quite close to my home
A robin has builded her nest;
Her ladyship sits all day quite alone,
His lordship for worms is in quest.

No protection has she from wind or rain,
But never a murmur is heard;
She knows her labors will not be in vain,
I call her the sacrifice bird.

For she built her nest and she laid her eggs
When conditions were far from good,—
Just take it from me, she won't hatch out dregs,
I'll bank on that heroine bird.

She brings to my mind some pertinent thoughts
When I think how recruiting lags;
They say that a leopard can't change his spots,
Nor diamonds be cut from stone flags.

The truth, were it known, perhaps 'twould be found
That the lad ain't to blame one bit,
With dad's pedigree not any too sound,
The sire, not the son, may lack grit.

Perhaps if the dad were to "jack up" the son,
And show him what real men should be,
It might not be long till he would be won
To fight for his flag over sea.

So don't be too hard on the lad in the street
If he's deaf to recruiter's call;
Perhaps he's just chaff from poor human wheat,
And the lad's not to blame at all.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN

HE was young and fair and a giant in size,
And a soldier from head to feet,
And a great big soul looked out of his eyes—
No handsomer chap could you meet.

He was true as steel and with heart of gold,
All the weak had a friend in him,
Straight as a rush, as a lion was bold,
With courage chuck full to the brim.

He never was known to "welsh" or to quit,
And his strength seemed to have no end,
He was full of fight and a bunch of grit,
With a will that you could not bend.

He never was sick, nor had he trench feet,
And never a wound came his way,
The pride of the trench, awake or asleep,
The grouseers got out of his way.

For days and weeks and months he fought on,
He was true to the core, and game;
One awful day, when the fighting was hot,
He was found by himself—insane.

On duty till nature could stand no more,
Then something went wrong with the works;
The shame of it all, to think that he bore,
The burden of stay-at-home shirks!

In the ledger of time, when opened some day,
Such entries as this will be found;
"The man who won't fight to keep 'Kultur' away,
Just simply encumbers the ground."

THE CALL OF EMPIRE

HARK! 'tis the Empire calling:
Canadian sons' awake!
Hark to the cry of freedom,
Rise for your manhood's sake!
Ready, her sons are waiting,
Far in the Golden West,
Steady and firm and fearless,
Ready to stand the test.

Chorus:

Shoulder to shoulder marching,
True "hearts of oak" are we,
Strong in the cause that's righteous,
Brothers in liberty.
Sons from our loved Dominion,
Land which their fathers trod,
Swear to be true to Empire,
Freedom, and flag, and God.

Laughing from rolling prairie,
Silent from woodland glen,
Stern from their sea-girt borders,
Hark ye the tramp of men.
Fighting for love of Empire,
Always at her right hand,
Side by side with their brothers,
Canadian sons shall stand.

Chorus:

Shoulder to shoulder marching,
True "hearts of oak" are we,
Strong in the cause that's righteous,
Brothers in liberty.
Sons from our loved Dominion,
Land which their fathers trod,
Swear to be true to Empire,
Freedom, and flag, and God.

THE HONOR ROLL

WHEN the cry from Belgium
 Echoed through the world,
Empire sons responded,
 Freedom's flag unfurled.
Blood of British heroes
 Coursing through their veins,
Live or die, no matter,
 Just as God ordains.
 Forward they are marching,
 On to victory,
 Just our cause, and righteous,
 Death or liberty.

Some have "crossed the border,"
 Some are fighting still,
Langemarck and Ypres shall
 Give each heart a thrill.
On the "roll of honor"
 Etched with British blood,
Names of brave Canadians,
 Dead on field and flood.
 Forward, ever forward,
 May our steps incline,
For the world's eternal peace
 All our prayers combine.

Empire sons, for freedom
Shall their life's blood drain,
Love and mercy blending,
Shield "the flag" from stain.
Loved ones gone forever,
Sacrifices made,
Liberty's foundations
Have for aye been laid.
Forward, always forward,
Watchword "God and King,"
Britain's love for truth and right,
Peace on earth will bring.

MOTHER

(Dedicated to the brave mothers of my native land)

Oh, mother, you with stalwart son,
To you and him life just begun,
I honor you with all my might,
God bless you, mother, day and night.

The son who cuddled on your breast
Has gone to face his manhood's test;
He's gone, your kisses on his face,
While you the lonely home must pace.

But, mother, when the days seem long
The God of Love will make you strong,
And you'll be glad that he was true,
He did what you would have him do.

Because he loved his mother so,
He wanted all the World to know
That what you taught him at your knee
Had made him true—to God and thee.

You taught him to protect the weak,
And on life's path the truth to seek,
So when his country needed him
He felt the call so strong within,

That he must honor you, dear one,
And prove that he was your own son,
That when his mother gave him birth
She brought no weakling son to earth.

So, mother, just rejoice, rejoice,
He made the only manly choice,
And when this cruel war is o'er
How proud you'll be of him you bore.

Though now your heart with anguish burns,
How proud you'll be when he returns!
He'll pin his medal on your breast,
For "Mother," he loves you the best.

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS TO CANADIAN HEROES

"MERRY Christmas," boys, where'er you be,
Fighting like men for "ain countrie;"

Oh boys! Oh boys! we feel you know
How much we want our pride to show;
How hearts at home just long to see
The face of their dear, brave laddie.

But though, we wish, and long, and pray
That God will speed that "some sweet day,"
When war shall cease; for oh! how fain
We'll be to see you home again.
This Christmas brings some happiness;
You know the reason why, we guess.

We know that you have done what's right,
And that's what makes this Christmas bright;
Though hearts are sore with fear suppressed,
We know your sacrifice is blessed,
Our hands are stretched across the sea,
In spirit clasp them, dear laddie.

We're glad, we're glad this Christmas morn,
E'en though we be with anguish torn,
 While we salute your vacant seat
 Our tears are shed, your name repeat.
We're glad our faith is strong; we're sure
That God will help you to endure.

If you in trench should be this day,
Not racked with pain, we humbly pray;
 If you are serving with the fleet,
 In spirit, boys, this day we'll meet.
Oh boys! Oh boys! we feel you know
How much we want our love to show.

THERE'S JUST ONE THING TO DO

OH, boys, come on, while there's yet time,
Before conscription's here.
Fall in and earn your title to
Canadian Volunteer.

Come on, and join the ranks of those
Who've made your country great.
"While yet the lamp holds out to burn,"
Pass through the honored gate.

Think what 'twill mean in after years,
When you are home—revered,
Your name on history's golden page
As one who volunteered.

To make Canadian history, boys,
You have a glorious chance.
To build a world democracy
They need real men in France.

Come on then, lads, get in the game;
Play fair with your old chums.
The boys who used to bank on you
Need help to lick the Huns.

Come on and wave the dear old flag
That shelters you and me;
Come on and join the ranks of those
Who fight for liberty.

They're calling you from o'er the sea,
They still have faith in you.
If you have pride of British blood
There's just one thing to do.

PEACE—IN OUR OWN TIME

WHEN human beasts of prey are tamed,
When human rights have been attained,
When vicious men by lust inspired,
In retribution's depths are mired,
When those who drenched this earth with blood
Are underneath perdition's flood,
When those who laughed in brutal glee
When Belgium writhed in agony,
When those who left no deed to chance
Which held for aim hell's worst for France,
When those who murdered gentle nuns—
They did it—Kaiser, your foul Huns,
When they who tortured our brave boys
In fiendish ways which Hun enjoys,
When they who bled our country white,
And stained this earth with Prussian blight,
When they who sank our ships at night,
Saw women drown in sheer delight,
When heaven has heard Armenia's cry,
And Turkey dogs the death shall die,
When God has swept poor Serbia
Clean of the filth from Austria;

When they who planned these deeds so fell
Have paid the price—and paid it well;
When earth is dredged of Kultur's spawn,
And German gates of hope are drawn,
 Oh! Kaiser, write it on the board,
 No peace till then can earth afford.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE

WHEN tyrant Nations own Thy sway,
And deep contrition show,
When conquest's fires are quenched for aye,
May peace and plenty flow.

When roots of true democracy,
Are planted in this world,
In Thine own time, grant us to see,
The flag of peace unfurled.

When love once more is deep enthroned,
Within the hearts of men,
Bring peace, eternal peace o' Lord,
But not o' Lord, till then.

May I presume to say to you
Dear reader, as we part,
The thoughts contained within these leaves
Come, truly, from my heart.

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